

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

France has decided that all the troops in the colonies shall henceforth be armed with weapons similar to those of the home army.

The number of marine disasters during the year just closed is smaller probably than ever before. An official of the New York Maritime Exchange thinks this is due to the fact that sailing vessels are disappearing, steam craft being better able to take care of themselves when in peril.

Perhaps the oddest suit of furniture in the world is owned by a certain hotelkeeper. For many years he has made it his business to collect match boxes, of which he has now a collection of 4,000. He ordered a skilled cabinetmaker to equip a room with furniture made of these boxes. The outfit consists of a writing table with smoking apparatus, a fire screen, a cabinet, a chair, and other smaller articles.

According to the census, the population of the farming country shows a falling off in New England and New York, and only a slight increase in Ohio and Indiana, but its growth is healthy in the states farther west. It is evident that the old states must look to their cities and larger towns for increase in population. In the newer agricultural regions the growth of population seems to be spread over both city and country.

A recent notable dinner of the Harvard club of Japan calls attention both to the spread of western learning in the east, and to the wide influence of a great university. The dinner was given to celebrate the return of Minister Komura from St. Petersburg, en route to his new post in China, the presence of Minister Kurino from Paris, and the appointment of Baron Kaneko as minister of justice. All these eminent Japanese statesmen were educated at Harvard.

The recent celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding at Washington of the national capital recalls the description of its location given in an early newspaper letter, which is now preserved in the library of congress. "This metropolis," the writer says, "situated upon the great post-road, exactly equidistant from the northern and the southern extremities of the Union, and nearly so from the Atlantic to Fort Pitt, is by far the most eligible situation for the residence of congress." Since he could not foresee the improvements in transportation and means of communication, perhaps it is fortunate that he did not know of the coming extension of our domains southward and westward.

College football, during the season recently closed had no worthier representatives than the students of the Carlisle Indian School, in the essentials of manliness and sportmanlike conduct generally. The games in which they engaged were as many and as fiercely contested as those of any other college team, and the spectators, in some instances, were neither so considerate nor so sympathetic as they might have been. Yet their games were exhibitions of clean, straight football—such as all true lovers of the sport like to see. The umpire's decisions were never once questioned, and their defeats were accepted with the spirit of men who had done their best, and who had, therefore, neither excuses nor explanations to offer. They have won a place for themselves in the regard of many who would rejoice in their success in other fields where the rewards are less fleeting than those of football.

Ghost stories, for some mysterious reason, have been revived of late in Washington. It is told again how the face of an old woman was depicted clearly on one of the white house pillars the day the president received word that his mother was dead. Capitol employes entertain their friends with the story of the shadow of a general looking like Washington between pillars in statuary hall at the capitol. A former senate page, now grown to man's size and employed at the white house, says that when lightning strikes the copper statue of Freedom on the capitol dome it rings loudly and clearly like the famous bell at Philadelphia in the days of the declaration of independence. At night, when the capitol's great marble halls and rotundas are deserted, strange sounds are frequently heard and old employes are confident that they are made by the souls of dead patriots and statesmen come back to haunt the halls where they won fame. It is said that on certain nights ghosts are so numerous in statuary hall that a man hiding and trembling behind a pillar can hardly tell whether it is the spirits of the statues that are moving about.

Prices of bogus money, as discovered by Chief Wilkie's men, are quoted as follows: For coin to a face value of \$5, price \$10; coin to face value of \$50, price \$20; bills, 35 per cent to 65 per cent face value. Mr. Wilkie says that no larger amount than \$50 in coin is offered to one customer. The green-goods men who do not intend to deliver the goods offer \$1,000 in bills for \$400; \$2,000 for \$500 and \$10,000 for \$1,000. Then they change the satchels and the victim after feasting his eyes on bills in the first grip gets sawdust in the second.

DIES IN FLAMES

Leavenworth, Kas., Scene of a Negro Burning.

FRENZIED MOB WORKS OUT VENGEANCE

Chains Him to Iron Stake and Applies the Match—Flea For Mercy Unheeded—Met With Blows and Curses and Vile Reproach.

A Leavenworth, Kas., Jan. 15 dispatch says: Fred Alexander, the negro who Saturday evening attempted to assault Miss Roth, and who was supposed to have assaulted and killed Pearl Forbes in this city in November last, was this afternoon taken from the sheriff and burned at the stake at the scene of his crime, half a dozen blocks from the center of the city. Probably 8,000 people witnessed the lynching.

Alexander was brought to the city from the penitentiary at Lansing at 4:40 o'clock this afternoon and placed in the county jail. The citizens gathered in great numbers and finding peaceable entrance to the jail impossible, armed themselves with railroad irons. The jail doors were battered down and Alexander dragged to the scene of his crime, followed by hundreds of howling, frenzied men and boys.

The spot chosen for the stake was the exact one on which Pearl Forbes' body was found on the morning of November 7. It is on Lawrence avenue near the Santa Fe track, and a hundred yards north of Spruce street.

The first thing done was to plant the railroad iron deep in the mud. This was made fast to cross irons firmly bound to the upright. Around the improvised stake wood and boards were piled. To this the man was dragged and chained in a standing position to the upright railroad iron. Chains and irons were wrapped about him, and with hands still shackled he was made fast to the post. Coal oil was then poured over him.

Before the match was applied John Forbes, the father of the murdered girl, stepped up to Alexander and said:

"Are you guilty of murdering my daughter?"

"I don't know what you have me here for," said the doomed man.

Forbes replied: "For killing my girl on this very spot."

"Mr. Forbes, if that's your name, you have the wrong man."

"Burn him, burn him," cried the crowd.

And they burned him.

Governor Blames Sheriff.

Governor Stanley is very indignant at the result of the lynching at Leavenworth. He says it will result in the death penalty in Kansas, as it should do.

He blames the sheriff. He declares Sheriff Everhardy could have prevented the lynching had he desired to do so, as the state militia was at his command, and they would have been sent but the sheriff declared they were not needed.

The warden at the penitentiary had no right to keep Alexander there, as he had been convicted of no crime said the governor. He could do nothing else than deliver him to the sheriff when that individual insisted that it should be done. But the life of the negro should have been preserved at all hazards and it is to the lasting shame of the great state of Kansas that such an infamous proceeding should have been allowed to take place within a few miles of the capital city.

Governor Stanley offers a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of anyone implicated in the lynching at Leavenworth.

WU AND HAY CONFER.

Chinese Minister and Secretary of State Talk of Chinese Situation.

Secretary Hay was back at the state department January 14, for the first time for a week, and although able to direct affairs he still shows signs of the severe cold he has had for some time. Minister Wu called early and there was a conference lasting half an hour on the Chinese situation.

The department has now received responses from all the powers relative to the dispatch recently forwarded through our diplomatic representatives abroad urgently requesting that negotiations be expedited as fast as possible. All of the powers concur in this view, and express an earnest desire to reach a final settlement. It is rather a singular and unaccountable fact, however, that some of the powers have referred to delays caused by the United States, whereas the efforts of this government throughout have been to hurry matters along. It was for this reason that the recent proposition was made to remove the two points of indemnity and treaties to Washington or some other capital, although some of the powers seem to have the erroneous impression that this delayed proceedings.

Favor Court of Pension Appeals.

The general committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, Leo Rassiennor of St. Louis, commander-in-chief; Robert B. Brown of Zanesville, O.; Charles C. Adams of Boston; John W. Burst of Chicago; O. H. Coulter of Topeka and John Palmer appeared before the house invalid pension committee at Washington January 14, and argued in favor of the bill for the location of a court of pension appeals to consider rejected pension claims. There are about 100,000 cases adversely passed upon each year by the pension office.

NEELEY MUST RETURN

United States Supreme Court Says His Crime is Extraditable

The most notable decision in the supreme court of the United States January 17 was that in the Neeley case. Justice Harlan reviewed the case at some length, referring to the crime with which Neeley is charged and showing that Cuba was foreign territory in every aspect of the case, as held by the joint resolution of congress which brought the war with Spain to an open fact, by the protocol and by the treaty of Paris, Section 5270 of the revised statutes fixes a provision of extradition between the United States and the foreign countries of criminals and in the judgment of the court held good in this case. Spain, having by treaty relinquished all claim to sovereignty over Cuba, and the United States merely occupying the island with its military forces in accordance with a resolution of congress, the island is no less a foreign country, and the court decides Neeley must be returned to Cuba for trial, and the judgment of the circuit court in denying the application for a writ of habeas corpus is affirmed.

Secretary Root said that he was glad to hear that the supreme court had decided that Neeley could be extradited for the reason that the failure of the United States to return Neeley to Cuba for trial for the embezzlement of Cuban postal funds would give American justice a black eye in Cuba, especially as the United States was doing all it could to reform and purify the administration of justice in that island.

LEADER SURRENDERS.

General Delgado, Filipino Chieftain, Accepts the Inevitable.

General MacArthur reports the surrender of Delgado, commander-in-chief of Iloilo province, Panay. He also reports that other important surrenders are expected during the next few days.

General MacArthur's cablegram to the war department is as follows: "Delgado, commander-in-chief Iloilo province (Panay), surrendered January 11 to Brigadier General Robert P. Hughes with twenty-four men and rifles. His command is much scattered. Other surrenders are expected during the next few days. Important; significant end of organized armed resistance in Iloilo province, Panay."

The dispatch gave much satisfaction to the war department, although the command surrendered is not a large one. It was noted assurances were for the end of organized armed resistance, indicating that there was considerable unorganized marauding still in progress.

General Greely, chief signal officer U. S. A., received a dispatch from Lieutenant Colonel Allen in the Philippines, announcing that the signal corps has laid cables from Oslob, Island of Cebu, to Dumaguete, Island of Negros, and thence to Elasmis and Lintong, Island of Mindanao. This extension of the military system connects for the first time the large and important Island of Mindanao with Manila.

CHANGES IN POSTAL LAW.

Commission of House and Senate Makes Its Report.

The postal commission of the house and senate which have been investigating postal matters for the last two years made its report January 14.

The commission unanimously reports in favor of excluding from the second-class mail rate: First, books, whether bound or unbound; second, newspapers and periodicals, sent by a news agent to another news agent, or returned to the publisher; third, sample copies of newspapers above a certain small fixed proportion of the circulation. The commission also unanimously reports against the continuance of the system of transmitting mails in the pneumatic tubes under the present conditions. The commission unanimously reports that neither a change in letter postage nor the establishment of a system of parcels post is practicable under existing conditions of revenue and expenditure, even if otherwise desirable upon which no opinion is expressed.

RUMORS OF NEW UPRISING

Affairs in Colombia Still in An Unsettled State.

The navy department has been informed of the arrival of the Philadelphia at Panama, Colombia. Press reports have it that a serious revolutionary movement in the vicinity of the Colombian capital is afoot, but official reports from United States Consul Guderer state that the situation has improved much of late. How long the presence of the Philadelphia will be necessary is not known and will depend upon what aspect affairs in that quarter assume.

Patterson Causes Nominee.

Governor Thomas, January 14, announced his withdrawal from the race for United States senatorship. The fusion members of the legislature nominated Thomas M. Patterson of Denver for the United States senate to succeed E. O. Wolcott. He received seventy-three out of ninety-one votes in the caucus.

A statement of the exports and imports issued by the bureau of statistics show that during the month of December, 1900, the imports of merchandise amounted to \$68,599,609 as against \$70,733,843 for the corresponding month in 1899. Of the whole amount \$29,151,335 was free of duty. The exports of domestic merchandise during last December amounted to \$144,197,446 as against \$151,394,434 for the corresponding month in 1899. The imports of gold during December amounted to \$3,375,552 and the exports to \$410,533. The silver imports amounted to \$3,014,558 and the exports to \$7,358,939.

A LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)

And then Harold amazed them by the question: "Is there a school at Easthill-on-Sea? I never heard of one."

Easthill-on-Sea was about two miles from Easthill proper, in the opposite direction from Dynevor Manor and the Uplands. Within the last few years some speculators had got possession of land there, and were trying hard to convert what had been a fishing hamlet into a watering-place. They had not succeeded well, and the present result was a kind of straggling, unfinished settlement, which was neither town nor village. The old inhabitants of Easthill rather made game of the new watering-place, which will account for Kitty's laugh.

"I really don't know, Harold; I hardly ever go to Easthill-on-Sea. There may be half a dozen schools; but I hope not, for their proprietors' sakes, for I can't imagine that any one would send children there."

"I think you're hard on the place," said Harold. "There's a very good beach and a splendid air. I suppose people are to be found who can do without niggers at the seaside."

"Ah, but they'd want decent roads and tolerable comfort," objected Kitty; "and you know when it rains Easthill-on-Sea is almost a swamp, because no one has made up the roads. Then they only bake every other day, and the butcher's shop opens twice a week. It would take a good deal to make up for such drawbacks."

"It is all so unfinished," said Mrs. Dynevor. "The roads are staked out, and imposing names painted on signboards, like 'Elm avenue,' and 'Sea View gardens,' but neither avenue nor gardens boast a single house, and the roads are not even divided from each other, except by a few posts."

"Why are you so suddenly interested in Easthill-on-Sea?" demanded Kitty. "You can't possibly have been asked to recommend any one a school there?"

"Oh, dear, no; but I came home from Marton by train, and a girl got out at our station who wanted to go to Easthill-on-Sea. She asked the porter the way to Mrs. Tanner's school. He questioned the ticket collector, and even the station master himself, but neither of them had ever heard of it. I couldn't help feeling sorry for her, she looked so tired and sad. It must be hard lines to come off a long journey and not find any one who can direct you to your destination."

"Poor thing!" said Kitty, and then the subject dropped. None of the three guessed the influence the lonely little traveler was to have on their lives. It never dawned on Kitty that the unknown girl who was bound for a school no one had ever heard of was to be her dearest friend.

CHAPTER V.

Nothing will describe the desolation which filled Beryl Lindon's heart when she stopped on the platform at Easthill. She had left London filled with the one desire of escaping from her father and stepmother. Ever since she heard of the former's marriage her one end and object had been to get safely away from Elchester square. It was only when she had actually started, when Mrs. Markham's kindly face was lost to sight, that she realized she was going among strangers, that a new, untried life lay before her, with not one friendly voice to brighten it.

It was a long, tedious journey, and involved two changes. Easthill was on a branch line, at which only the slowest of trains condescended to stop. She was very plainly dressed in black; but all her things had come from a West End shop, and there was an air of distinction about her not often seen in a lonely little third-class traveler.

She was eighteen, though she looked older—a very small, fairy-like creature, with soft, wavy brown hair, and big, lustrous blue-grey eyes. Her complexion was very fair, and had the faintest carnine tint.

She knew absolutely nothing of the country. Brighton, Brussels, where she had been at school, and the tall house in Elchester square had made up her world. To find herself at a little rustic station, with only a few cottages in sight, was almost alarming. And no one at the station had heard of Mrs. Tanner's school. That of itself was enough to discourage her.

"Don't you be afraid, missie," the station master said kindly. "If you wrote to the lady, and she had your letter, she must live here somewhere, and the postoffice are the best people to help you find her. You go straight along this lane till you come to a sign post, take the road marked 'Easthill-on-Sea,' and presently you'll see four or five shops. The postoffice is the first of the lot, and they'll put you right."

Beryl left her luggage to the porter's mercy and started. The lane seemed interminable. Perhaps in summer time it was pretty; but it was a late season, and the trees were hardly in bud. Their bare branches almost met in the middle of the lane, looking very like black, threatening hands uplifted against her—or Beryl thought so. She reached the sign post without meeting a single creature; but another half-mile brought her to the shops, and her heart gave a thrill of relief as she recognized the postoffice.

It was quite unlike any postoffice Beryl had ever seen, being a cottage with all business transacted in the

front parlor; while the room on the opposite side appeared to be a baker's, one stale loaf and half a dozen stodgy-looking buns being arranged in the window.

"Can you tell me the way to Mrs. Tanner's school—Woodlands, the house is called?" asked Beryl anxiously.

The young woman behind the counter was better informed than the railway people, for she answered without any hesitation:

"It's the last house on the front. The name's not up; but you can't be mistaken because there are no more houses."

This was conclusive; but Beryl felt positively sinking from weakness and fatigue. She looked at the loaf of bread and buns, and finally asked the dame in charge if she could have some refreshment—"a cup of tea or something."

"The fire's out, I expect. You can have a glass of milk and a plate of bread and butter, if you like."

The fare was plain, but it revived the traveler. The attendant gave her plenty of local information while she ate and drank. Mrs. Tanner had not been at Easthill-on-Sea long. There wasn't much opening for a school; there were very few residents, and naturally visitors didn't want to send their children to school when they came down in the summer.

"You do look tired!" she concluded. "But it's not much further now. The end of this street leads to the front, and Mrs. Tanner's is the last house on the right."

Beryl found the house easily; but her heart sank as she looked at it. It was so new that at the back the piece of waste ground called a garden was not yet fenced off, and the front railings had not yet been fenced off. Woodlands looked as though it had been built elsewhere, brought to Easthill on a trolley, and just popped down on the first vacant space. The wind howled round it, the waves which dashed over the shingle seemed to laugh derisively at it, and even to poor Beryl the huge board over the front windows—"Ladies' School"—seemed grotesque in such a place.

She rang the bell. It was so stiff her fingers could hardly move it, and when at last it rang it made such a noise she decided Mrs. Tanner would think her new teacher very impatient. There was not the least sound of movement in the house, and Beryl was actually contemplating a second ring when the door was flung suddenly open, and a very small servant in a very big white apron stood regarding her curiously.

"Is Mrs. Tanner at home? I think she is expecting me. I am the new governess."

"You're to come this way," said the child—she really was very little more. And Beryl followed her across a good-sized hall to a small sitting-room at the back, the door of which her guide opened encouragingly.

"You go straight in," she commanded. It was a very small room, and rather sparsely furnished; but what Beryl saw first was a tall, slight woman in widow's weeds, who came forward to meet her with such a frightened face that the girl felt compelled to take the initiative.

"I am afraid I am later than you expected, Mrs. Tanner; but it is a long walk from the station, and I came slowly so as not to lose my way."

"You look cold and tired," said Mrs. Tanner gently. "Sit down and warm yourself. Rhoda will bring tea soon; I waited for you."

"It was very kind of you," Beryl began, and then she broke down helplessly and cried as though her heart would break. Of course it was behaving disgracefully, it was most unwholesome and childish; but those few kindly words had been the last touch.

Mrs. Tanner did not seem in the least angry. She took Beryl's hand and held it for a minute or two, then she said gently:

"I don't wonder at your being upset, my dear. When I first came here in January I loathed the place quite as much as you can do. I came from a pretty country rectory, with a dear old garden and trees that had stood the test of centuries, and this bleak, desolate place seemed terrible to me; but, Miss Lindon, work is the best cure for sadness, and even Easthill-on-Sea seems brighter when one is busy."

"Please forgive me!" said Beryl, pleadingly. "Indeed, I am not discontented; it was only that you were so kind to me."

"Did you expect me to be an ogress?" asked Mrs. Tanner. "When you have had some tea and feel rested I will tell you all about things. I am afraid you will find plenty of rough places at Woodlands, but they won't be of my making."

Tea was delightful. With curtains drawn and the lamps lighted, the room seemed quite a snugger; and Mrs. Tanner saw that Beryl had plenty of the fare provided.

"I would rather tell you everything before you see my sister," she said, when Rhoda had taken away the things. My husband died last November. He was the best and kindest man who ever lived, but he wasn't businesslike, and when all the expenses were paid I had only £20 and the furniture to keep myself and the children. Of course I knew I should have to work; but I had never had to earn my

living, and I did not know how to get about it. My sister is the only near relation I have. She is very rich, and she likes to manage. She decided I had better keep a school, then the twins could be educated for nothing. Her husband has a good deal of property round here, and they offered me this house rent free for three years.

"Of course"—she flushed painfully—"the Wilmots are in a very good position here, and it would not do for it to be known any one connected with them had to keep a school, so I promised Mary I would never mention the relationship. She has really been very good. She speaks of me to people as 'a young widow in whom she is interested,' and altogether I have twelve pupils. If the new ones promised this term come tomorrow I shall have fifteen. They pay £2 a term, so that I have £30 a year; but I found out if I had any one who could teach French and really good music I should get more scholars and keep them till they were older. That is why I thought of getting help. Besides, with only Rhoda, there is a great deal to do domestically, and the twins' clothes have to be made and mended."

"How old are the twins?" asked Beryl.

"Four. Rather young to be in school all day; but I can't send them out alone, and I don't like them to be in the kitchen with Rhoda. Miss Lindon, I know I am offering you a very small salary, but I think if you and I 'fit in' you may really be happier here than in a grander situation."

"I am sure of it," said Beryl. "Mrs. Tanner, I don't think any one in the whole world can be lonelier than I am, and if only you will keep me, I shall be glad to stay."

Mrs. Tanner gave a little sigh.

"Mary—Mrs. Wilmot—will be round in the morning. You must not mind if she seems a little overbearing. Oh, and there is the thing she wanted me to say—she does not like your name at all."

Beryl professed her regret, but hardly saw the objection was her fault.

"It is in this way," explained Mrs. Tanner. "The show place near here, Dynevor Manor, belongs to a Mr. Lindon, though General Craven lives there. Mary thinks it a slight to Mr. Lindon that my teacher should have the same name. Her husband is his agent, and goes to see him sometimes at his grand house in Elchester square, Belgravia. Of course I told Mary Mr. Lindon would never hear of my school, much less my teacher's name; but she was very disagreeable, and said it could not matter to you, and that by changing one letter the name sounded quite differently. Do you mind being Miss Lindon? You see, it won't make any difference to your letters, because most people loop their f's now, so that they look like e's."

Beryl felt inclined to bless Mrs. Wilmot. If, as she now felt positive, her father were the owner of Dynevor Manor, why, then, her one desire was that he might never hear his fugitive daughter was living beneath its shadow. She had never heard him speak of Sussex, or of possessing property in the country. Surely it was strange that, with all England before her, she should have drifted to the one place where he had interest.

School began the next day. The fifteen girls were nice things. Mrs. Wilmot's interest had procured some. The clerk of the works employed by her husband to watch his interests in the building operations, sent three small daughters; the tax collector contributed two; but there was a sprinkling of a higher grade—the curate's only child, and the doctor's two little girls. Mrs. Wilmot struck Beryl as far less refined than her sister. She and her husband were rich, and gloried in their money, though as yet it had not been able to force an entrance into the society of Easthill proper, which was of the select and exclusive kind known as "county."

(To be Continued.)

CHURCH MONEY.

Some Odd Ways in Which Women Earned It.

The women folk of the Methodist church at Oxford recently set out to earn money for certain church purposes, and a meeting was held at which each woman or girl recited the method by which she had earned her contribution, says the Boston Journal. Some of the recitals were funny enough to convulse the audience, and a few are epitomized as follows: Miss Mary Dobbs started out to do some janitor work, but got tired and subcontracted the job, though saving for herself a margin of profit. Mrs. M. Collins said that one day her husband was tearing around the house hunting for his overshoes and said he would give a half a dollar to know what had become of them. She told him she had sold them to the ragman, and demanded the half. Mrs. Bay kalsomined her own house and saved the dollar which an old colored man demanded for the job. Miss Zulu Cole engaged in a great variety of employments. She got 5 cents for washing Mrs. Middleton's dishes, 10 cents for doing some sewing for her sister, 5 cents from her uncle for keeping her mouth shut five minutes, 5 cents for killing three cats, 15 cents for sweeping the sidewalk in front of two stores, and 5 cents for popping some corn. Miss Lyda Mills made 50 cents by mending the harness and making a new halter for the cow. Miss Lettie Morrill got 50 cents for doctoring a sick calf.

Tombs are but the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered. —Fuller.